

OLIVES

Johns, Orrick, 1887-1946

FIN- I've ten fingers
GERS Very much admired,
 I shall frame them
 For they cannot do anything;
 They cannot earn dinner
 Or even hold a pebble . . .
 Pebbles are pretty falling through them.

SHOE- Little old shoe,
STRING You need a shoe-string;
 I shall find one for you,
 For without it you are helpless
 As a man who studies regulations,
 But with a yellow one
 Like a woman who is bald.

BEAU- Oh, beautiful mind,
TIFUL I lost it
MIND In a lot of frying pans
 And calendars and carpets
 And beer bottles
 Oh, my beautiful mind!

MIG- Miggles —
GLES That was his name,
 Everyone always said,
 "Miggles did it."
 Oh, Miggles,
 I admired you from the beginning,
 Miggles!

A It is a room that sets people thinking,
ROOM So they say,
 Lighted like grandma's moonflowers . . .
 Swish — I hear something in the corner,
 Suddenly,
 And I wish I were a cat.

BLUE Blue undershirts,
UNDER- Upon a line,
SHIRTS It is not necessary to say to you

Anything about it —
What they do,
What they might do . . . blue undershirts.

IN I am tortured
BED By this borrowed mattress .
How do you lie,
Napoleon?

IN THE They made a statue
SQUARE Of a general on horseback,
With his face turned nobly
Toward the crupper . . .
'Twas true
Of him
Quite half the time.

AT THE I have only a tingling remembrance
DOOR Not of his eyes
But of
A dandelion . . .
Nevertheless,
The whole of him,
The whole of me,
There —
Known, elicited, understood.

ON THE Little duck
TABLE Made of plaster,
With your head
Upon a spring,
When my hand trembles upon the table
You nod,
And when I chuckle too . . .
Such understanding,
C'est henaurme!

IN THE Dinky, slinky,
STREET You must not wink
That way . . .
You hussy,
Do you forget I think
For both of us?

IN THE This morning,
ORCHARD As the quince blossoms died,

The cherries were ripening . . .

Such are all your moments,
Little one.

SOME Now I know
WHERE I have been eating apple-pie for breakfast
 In the New England
 Of your sexuality.

A It lasted a month,
MOON We had one moon . . .
 You took it for a baby
 And when it cried
 For a bib and a bottle,
 All was over.